THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1320.

Original Poem.

FORGET THEE'

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY NEMO.

Forget thee! If my memory's shrine,
Were no silver relic found,
To speak of holy hopes of love,
By angels there bound.
If Eden dreams of summer hours
Than late will have again,
Had left no impress on the heart,
I might—but no till then.

Forget thee! Ah, if the sun had not
The same enlivening beam,
The sky no glorious arch, nor
The lake no silver gleam—
To murmur with the waterfall.
No blossom on the lea,
I might forget that then last hour,
More than a thought to me!

Forget thee! If the same birds sing
No welcome note in Spring,
Nor flowers in the sunny year,
And coral isles bring
If time-built castles rise in air,
To crush the grateful dew;
Then I might—but no, no, never
Forget thee, never true.

Original Tales.

THE OLD MAID;
Or, Aunt Amy's Legacy.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

I see Aunt Amy! What a hard lot in life was hers—dependant upon her relations, and those relations not the kindest. Her own parents died in the twilight and she wasn't a month old. Well, well, we shall see as to "a hard lot" in my family managed family, many sad mistakenness were the associations, which, daily and hourly, she was visited upon her. Poor Aunt Amy, get me that; she was the constant cry from morning till night. Make my aunt comfortable, was the other command given me, in these the days of my childhood, and washing and dressing the younger, now darning stockings or sewing on tapes and buttons and presently after a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs or unbothersome trousers—these seemed to me to be the tasks, and when would the poor soul designate herself as a "hard lot" in life? Why, she was a kind spirit, with some such thoughts and feelings as we have described. Her work-basket, laden with a pair of my father's unbuttoned trousers, a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs, wood near, and never perhaps had she left so little unfinished for the task as now. Beside her lay a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs, and a pair of my mother's at her own accord, a sleeping child, whose cradle she was rocking with one foot, and the paper containing the unfinished one so suddenly dispelled. Happy little sleeper! Aunt Amy's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon his rosy cheek and soft dimpled arms tossed carelessly above his head and remembered that she had herself been once as fresh and innocent, and as careless as he was. She remembered too, how the father of this child had been left a helpless infant by his dying mother, and how she had nursed him with her own young hands and soothed with her childish sympathy his baby griefs, pictured his head upon her own breast, and prayed to God for as her little strength would permit, to supply the place of the head parent they had lost, and when she contrasted her own lot in the past, Aunt Amy could not but think it unkind in that brother to care so little for comfort now. She turned with a deep sigh from the contemplation of her sleeping nephew, to the pile of stockings and the torn unmentionables.

But her cogitations were of short duration. For usually the door was thrown open, and into the room bounced a merry girl of six years, exclaiming—"Come Aunt Amy! Aunt Amy!" there's a man in the hall waiting to see you."

"Hush!" she said Aunt Amy, rocking the cradle more violently, and endeavoring to still the unconscious little messenger as the baby stirred on his pillow. "Hush! you'll wake me, Charlotte!"

"Yes, a man in a big cloak and spectacles."

"What can he want with me, I wonder," asked Aunt Amy, as those interruptions with the utmost old warrior, because they were so black and glossy, and most unfortunately, the good maiden's head was powdered and venerable, the hair of youth and therefore the plaster cap was the one most in use, because most easily rejected. To discover her every age, however unsuitable, the divorce of vision through a shrewd observer's spectacles, after a long scrutiny of her features and complexion, have never been declared, but it must have been declared, that if Miss Amy would only come well and well to wear, and be content to be a spinster, the old maiden aunt, whose life was given up to toil, and whose very thoughts had learned to shape themselves into action, was the very pattern of an household one. Poor Aunt Amy!

We have said that our heroine was not only and good temper—and so she was, as though not quite an ordinary is girlhood, grew wise enough to take advantages of the era, and depart upon the other She all had Aunt Amy it is true, as well as selfish children are capable of loving any one except themselves—she was not perfect—and many were those considered for a moment—indeed were never taught to consider it. Mrs Bloomfield herself seeming to think it a matter of course that all children were troublesome, and Aunt Amy as the goodness of her heart, was always ready to mend a torn dress, and hand up a lost glove, or stray handkerchief, and thus her services were constantly in demand, where few or six little ladies with their real and imaginary wants, kept every one busy about them. When, however, Caroline came from school, there appeared to be a change, for that things would mend themselves, at least Aunt Amy's burdens might be lightened, if not removed, more Mrs Bloomfield had talked a great deal about the necessity and propriety of girls being duly instructed in household matters, and finally, what was finally had Amy looked forward to such a consummation, and even fancied some of the pleasant things she might accomplish, during this long anticipated leisure. Caroline came home a finished young lady and in accordance with her mother's views, poured out the tea, and presided at the breakfast-table, and even went out in the car to make a rice pudding, and concoct a pan of gingerbread—but then alone she either considered herself a genius, or she let alone her home, for none would succeed in the attempt. Caroline at a certain Mr. Willoughby, sufficiently pointed to make it important that Caroline's pretty hands, and smooth shell-like nails, should be kept in good order. Her white satin shoes, the lady's delicate feet, disfigured or discolored, even in the performance of home duties, when there was any thought of its being clasped one arm by a gentleman. Mrs Bloomfield's taste on this head, overcame her previous notions with regard to educating American girls for any emergency, and when Aunt Amy came into the routine of pouring out, and washing up, and pickling and preserving, and all the various duties of house for a new weeks she had known the comfort of a little satisfaction.

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Whose smiles my life approve,
With kindest words of such support—
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Art dearer than then is.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am of 12 letters.
My 1, 10, 11 is a mean
small insect
My 2 is a thing that fishermen use
My 3 is a small bat.
My 4 small liquor
My 5 large body of water

METICAL QUESTION.

ch sports the sorrows push below,
abode by other means would go,
ch, in the twilight and the heart'd sound,
ught and the heart'd sound,
ch, as he "at least I'd try,
ly managed family, many sad mistakenness were
the associations, which, daily and hourly, she was
visited upon her. Poor Aunt Amy, get me that;
she was the constant cry from morning till night. Make my aunt comfortable, was the other command given me, in these the days of my childhood, and washing and dressing the younger, now darning stockings or sewing on tapes and buttons and presently after a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs or unbothersome trousers—these seemed to me to be the tasks, and when would the poor soul designate herself as a "hard lot" in life? Why, she was a kind spirit, with some such thoughts and feelings as we have described. Her work-basket, laden with a pair of my father's unbuttoned trousers, a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs, wood near, and never perhaps had she left so little unfinished for the task as now. Beside her lay a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs, and a pair of my mother's at her own accord, a sleeping child, whose cradle she was rocking with one foot, and the paper containing the unfinished one so suddenly dispelled. Happy little sleeper! Aunt Amy's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon his rosy cheek and soft dimpled arms tossed carelessly above his head and remembered that she had herself been once as fresh and innocent, and as careless as he was. She remembered too, how the father of this child had been left a helpless infant by his dying mother, and how she had nursed him with her own young hands and soothed with her childish sympathy his baby griefs, pictured his head upon her own breast, and prayed to God for as her little strength would permit, to supply the place of the head parent they had lost, and when she contrasted her own lot in the past, Aunt Amy could not but think it unkind in that brother to care so little for comfort now. She turned with a deep sigh from the contemplation of her sleeping nephew, to the pile of stockings and the torn unmentionables.

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Of home, and hope and love;
But like the last bird of the heart,
Such kiss things will fail,
I never can forget that day
Art dearer than then is.

The Olio.

FLORINE.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

world little will—the wrap
ment—the look—the sigh—
hand issued, like a proud lady queen-
pressly, my pained Flower
ed—the sigh—the look—the
ntelle, leave, to teach you to guess
on the clouds of a sunset scene.
ou, Florine, by my Flower—

a kiss, or a look, or all—
ses that with melody there
ou remember what I ask now?
ther of the sunset's hue,
ENCARNADINE—In an imaginary re-
ENCARNADINE—In an imaginary re-
ENCARNADINE—In an imaginary re-
Encarnadine Barcarolle in the
Lander, there is the following pa-

of autumn and into the leaves, of
the necessity of the fall, and the
ch the years time come to destroy
rity to life by the gentle presence
s.

fish people are now very much e-
ation of the Duke
structed by Wyatt.

for the Wellington Monument
ch Barcarolle in the
ion of the Thames and Shannon.
ion—as if it were.
trade of the Frenchman's cannon.

ANNA Nanjee—There is a char-
connecticut, who has fitted up a lyc-
ch she lectures, with a dagger-
on, and is going about like a tr-
ut honors and taking pictures for
ANNA.

—Some men are like cats. I've
for the right way for years and nev-
but, accidentally trod on a
mercy of some acts of kindness i

—An Albany boy, fourteen years
ven years past cut with a common
construction of Noah's Ark, and our
of its inhabitants, man, beast,
, to wood.

Poetry.

NOT IN WANT OF A WIFE.

Oh, why will you bother me, Kate,
With your smiles and good humor so sly,
With your songs and your innocent prate,
And the exquisite glance of your eye?
I'm weary of being in love—
Of the pain and the pleasure—it's life
It's the bright planets above,
I want neither sweetheart nor wife

Trouble is at by your side—
I'm fearful of hearing you sing,
I have the experience tried,
And, by Jove, it's a dangerous thing.
Alas! that I ever should move
Be scanned by a beauty and heir,
My heart, ever wounded and sore,
Will never find room to get well

Pictures of Life.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON, WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION.

(CONTINUED.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS, (BOZ.)

IN WHICH MR. DOMBEY, OF A MAN AND A FATHER, IS SEEN AT THE HEAD OF THE HOME DEPARTMENT OF HIS HOUSE.

The funeral of the deceased lady having been "performed" to the entire satisfaction of the undertaker, as well as of the disconsolate widower, which is generally supposed to be captious on such a point and in praise to take offence at any omission or inattention, Mr. Dombey returned to the various mementoes of Mr. Dombey's household suitable to their several places in the domestic system of which he was the head. Miss Tox, who had contributed the tasteful assistance lavishly and hastened her return in law's departure to the very place from which she would have been glad to keep it away, Mr. Bloomfield? So short a time had elapsed from the morning of her contemplation, that Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox had not yet exactly gone that she would scarcely credit her senses and to add to her bewilderment, all of her friends had suddenly become to Caroline, Mr. Willoughby himself entirely dissented the field, and actually in the open face of day, and in the very height of the season.

How Mrs. Bloomfield talked, and raved, and denounced, and wondered how it would all end, and Aunt Amy really began to think that she was marry the man" and if there was not some way of preventing it, and how she could ever, ever, ever, bear to think of such a thing now.

Well I don't know about that my dear, replied her husband "People do marry in fact a little more times

Yes, men do for every man feels the want of a wife as he grows older. But the women—the most wait till they are asked, poor things, why that is quite a different matter. Amy will never marry. Amy has quite her way now for it, and for the very good reason that nobody will ask her as long as our girls are left. Men always prefer a young, wax to an old one."

Mr. Bloomfield acquiesced as he generally did in the views and opinions of his better-half, and it was finally concluded that everything should be done to make Aunt Amy comfortable and happy in future, and persist, if possible, her anticipated journey to Faxgrove. With this design, Mrs. Bloomfield set about the arrangement of her house, with all conventional despatch, and then announced, that Amy below states, it such a cheerful, sunny spirit must, so simply furnished, so cushioned and carpeted, and supplied with every comfort, it was really a delightful place, and when Aunt Amy down her well-cushioned arm chair in front of the blazing fire, placed her feet upon a splendid ottoman, which Lizzie had just finished for the purpose, and took out her own light sewing, it was no difficult matter to persuade her that Faxgrove was a long and further off than she had imagined, and nothing could be more desirable than her present position in the Bloomfield family.

The winter soon on. What a pleasant winter it was to Aunt Amy. How cheerfully were the Christmas holidays passed, and how generous she was on presents to them all, the last time in so many years that the had enjoyed the pleasure of stowing gifts. But ere the season was over, a new cause of anxiety presented itself to the watchful aunt and active maid of all work. Mr. Will, the laughter was a bachelor an old bachelor he might have remained such, but for Aunt Amy. Aunt Amy that uncertain age not very easily defined. Too old for Miss Caroline Bloomfield he certainly was, by everybody said so and would like Miss Caroline herself have said had the young lady in question been any other than her own daughter. But Mr. Willoughby with a good income was not to be despised by a rainy day, was, with the aid of a fashionable tailor, good looking enough and young enough for any girl of no fortune, and although he had never openly declared his attentions, and asked Miss Carry of her father,—or rather of her mother—yet Mrs. Bloomfield felt quite sure that the proposal would result in something decided by and bye, and already looked upon her daughter as the future Mrs. Will laughby.

And Mr. Willoughby still came, but Mrs. Bloomfield shrewd, yet bright-like Amy, "Ah!" And good patient, all-enduring Aunt Amy, smiled and sighed and shook her head, and said to nay "no," as in the forty-leaved and the matter ended. Miss Caroline dressed, walked, or visited, and Aunt Amy sat to work again, unmurmuring, though not unsighful.

But Pandora's box with all its evils had still hope at the bottom, and Aunt Amy could all her perplexities, hoped on she scarcely knew for what Hoped, perchance for rest and freedom, for some quiet retreat for the future of some kindly spirit, where the evening of her days might be passed in serenity and repose. But vain, worse than vain it seemed, to indulge in such wild fancies. How could she ever to change her present position, or escape what perhaps would be called the self-imposed labors of her brother's house? Would she not be always be dependant upon his bounty? Could she ever expect to sit down with folded hands, and eat the bread of ease or idleness? Oh, no It would be better—ever dedicated her whole talent, with a pair of unbuttoned trousers, and never perhaps had she left so little unfinished for the task as now. Beside her lay a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs, and a pair of my mother's at her own accord, a sleeping child, whose cradle she was rocking with one foot, and the paper containing the unfinished one so suddenly dispelled. Happy little sleeper! Aunt Amy's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon his rosy cheek and soft dimpled arms tossed carelessly above his head and remembered that she had herself been once as fresh and innocent, and as careless as he was. She remembered too, how the father of this child had been left a helpless infant by his dying mother, and how she had nursed him with her own young hands and soothed with her childish sympathy his baby griefs, pictured his head upon her own breast, and prayed to God for as her little strength would permit, to supply the place of the head parent they had lost, and when she contrasted her own lot in the past, Aunt Amy could not but think it unkind in that brother to care so little for comfort now. She turned with a deep sigh from the contemplation of her sleeping nephew, to the pile of stockings and the torn unmentionables.

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Selected Poetry.

NOT IN WANT OF A WIFE.

Oh, why will you bother me, Kate,
With your smiles and good humor so sly,
With your songs and your innocent prate,
And the exquisite glance of your eye?
I'm weary of being in love—
Of the pain and the pleasure—it's life
It's the bright planets above,
I want neither sweetheart nor wife

Trouble is at by your side—
I'm fearful of hearing you sing,
I have the experience tried,
And, by Jove, it's a dangerous thing.
Alas! that I ever should move
Be scanned by a beauty and heir,
My heart, ever wounded and sore,
Will never find room to get well

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BY CHARLES DICKENS, (BOZ.)

IN WHICH MR. DOMBEY, OF A MAN AND A FATHER, IS SEEN AT THE HEAD OF THE HOME DEPARTMENT OF HIS HOUSE.

The funeral of the deceased lady having been "performed" to the entire satisfaction of the undertaker, as well as of the disconsolate widower, which is generally supposed to be captious on such a point and in praise to take offence at any omission or inattention, Mr. Dombey returned to the various mementoes of Mr. Dombey's household suitable to their several places in the domestic system of which he was the head. Miss Tox, who had contributed the tasteful assistance lavishly and hastened her return in law's departure to the very place from which she would have been glad to keep it away, Mr. Bloomfield? So short a time had elapsed from the morning of her contemplation, that Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox had not yet exactly gone that she would scarcely credit her senses and to add to her bewilderment, all of her friends had suddenly become to Caroline, Mr. Willoughby himself entirely dissented the field, and actually in the open face of day, and in the very height of the season.

How Mrs. Bloomfield talked, and raved, and denounced, and wondered how it would all end, and Aunt Amy really began to think that she was marry the man" and if there was not some way of preventing it, and how she could ever, ever, ever, bear to think of such a thing now.

Well I don't know about that my dear, replied her husband "People do marry in fact a little more times

Yes, men do for every man feels the want of a wife as he grows older. But the women—the most wait till they are asked, poor things, why that is quite a different matter. Amy will never marry. Amy has quite her way now for it, and for the very good reason that nobody will ask her as long as our girls are left. Men always prefer a young, wax to an old one."

Mr. Bloomfield acquiesced as he generally did in the views and opinions of his better-half, and it was finally concluded that everything should be done to make Aunt Amy comfortable and happy in future, and persist, if possible, her anticipated journey to Faxgrove. With this design, Mrs. Bloomfield set about the arrangement of her house, with all conventional despatch, and then announced, that Amy below states, it such a cheerful, sunny spirit must, so simply furnished, so cushioned and carpeted, and supplied with every comfort, it was really a delightful place, and when Aunt Amy down her well-cushioned arm chair in front of the blazing fire, placed her feet upon a splendid ottoman, which Lizzie had just finished for the purpose, and took out her own light sewing, it was no difficult matter to persuade her that Faxgrove was a long and further off than she had imagined, and nothing could be more desirable than her present position in the Bloomfield family.

The winter soon on. What a pleasant winter it was to Aunt Amy. How cheerfully were the Christmas holidays passed, and how generous she was on presents to them all, the last time in so many years that the had enjoyed the pleasure of stowing gifts. But ere the season was over, a new cause of anxiety presented itself to the watchful aunt and active maid of all work. Mr. Will, the laughter was a bachelor an old bachelor he might have remained such, but for Aunt Amy. Aunt Amy that uncertain age not very easily defined. Too old for Miss Caroline Bloomfield he certainly was, by everybody said so and would like Miss Caroline herself have said had the young lady in question been any other than her own daughter. But Mr. Willoughby with a good income was not to be despised by a rainy day, was, with the aid of a fashionable tailor, good looking enough and young enough for any girl of no fortune, and although he had never openly declared his attentions, and asked Miss Carry of her father,—or rather of her mother—yet Mrs. Bloomfield felt quite sure that the proposal would result in something decided by and bye, and already looked upon her daughter as the future Mrs. Will laughby.

And Mr. Willoughby still came, but Mrs. Bloomfield shrewd, yet bright-like Amy, "Ah!" And good patient, all-enduring Aunt Amy, smiled and sighed and shook her head, and said to nay "no," as in the forty-leaved and the matter ended. Miss Caroline dressed, walked, or visited, and Aunt Amy sat to work again, unmurmuring, though not unsighful.

But Pandora's box with all its evils had still hope at the bottom, and Aunt Amy could all her perplexities, hoped on she scarcely knew for what Hoped, perchance for rest and freedom, for some quiet retreat for the future of some kindly spirit, where the evening of her days might be passed in serenity and repose. But vain, worse than vain it seemed, to indulge in such wild fancies. How could she ever to change her present position, or escape what perhaps would be called the self-imposed labors of her brother's house? Would she not be always be dependant upon his bounty? Could she ever expect to sit down with folded hands, and eat the bread of ease or idleness? Oh, no It would be better—ever dedicated her whole talent, with a pair of unbuttoned trousers, and never perhaps had she left so little unfinished for the task as now. Beside her lay a pile of unhemmed handkerchiefs, and a pair of my mother's at her own accord, a sleeping child, whose cradle she was rocking with one foot, and the paper containing the unfinished one so suddenly dispelled. Happy little sleeper! Aunt Amy's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon his rosy cheek and soft dimpled arms tossed carelessly above his head and remembered that she had herself been once as fresh and innocent, and as careless as he was. She remembered too, how the father of this child had been left a helpless infant by his dying mother, and how she had nursed him with her own young hands and soothed with her childish sympathy his baby griefs, pictured his head upon her own breast, and prayed to God for as her little strength would permit, to supply the place of the head parent they had lost, and when she contrasted her own lot in the past, Aunt Amy could not but think it unkind in that brother to care so little for comfort now. She turned with a deep sigh from the contemplation of her sleeping nephew, to the pile of stockings and the torn unmentionables.

But her cogitations were of short duration. For usually the door was thrown open, and into the room bounced a merry girl of six years, exclaiming—"Come Aunt Amy! Aunt Amy!" there's a man in the hall waiting to see you."

"Hush!" she said Aunt Amy, rocking the cradle more violently, and endeavoring to still the unconscious little messenger as the baby stirred on his pillow. "Hush! you'll wake me, Charlotte!"

"Yes, a man in a big cloak and spectacles."

"What can he want with me, I wonder," asked Aunt Amy. Those interruptions with the utmost old warrior, because they were so black and glossy, and most unfortunately, the good maiden's head was powdered and venerable, the hair of youth and therefore the plaster cap was the one most in use, because most easily rejected. To discover her every age, however unsuitable, the divorce of vision through a shrewd observer's spectacles, after a long scrutiny of her features and complexion, have never been declared, but it must have been declared, that if Miss Amy would only come well and well to wear, and be content to be a spinster, the old maiden aunt, whose life was given up to toil, and whose very thoughts had learned to shape themselves into action, was the very pattern of an household one. Poor Aunt Amy!

We have said that our heroine was not only and good temper—and so she was, as though not quite an ordinary is girlhood, grew wise enough to take advantages of the era, and depart upon the other She all had Aunt Amy it is true, as well as selfish children are capable of loving any one except themselves—she was not perfect—and many were those considered for a moment—indeed were never taught to consider it. Mrs Bloomfield herself seeming to think it a matter of course that all children were troublesome, and Aunt Amy as the goodness of her heart, was always ready to mend a torn dress, and hand up a lost glove, or stray handkerchief, and thus her services were constantly in demand, where few or six little ladies with their real and imaginary

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

"If you really think that sort of society is good for the child," he said, sharply, as if these had been no interval since she proposed it, "where's Miss Florence?"

"Nothing could be better than Miss Florence, sir," said Polly, eagerly, "that I understand from her little maid that I have seen out to—"

Mr. Dombey rang the bell and walked till it was answered.

"Tell them always to let Miss Florence be with Richards when she chooses, and go out with her, and so forth. Tell them to tell the children he together, when Richards wishes it"

The man was now let, and Richards striking on body—of which a good cause said she was built in it, though instinctively afraid of Mr. Dombey requested that Miss Florence might be sent down, and there, to make friends with her little brother.

She begged to be dandling the child as the servant retired on this errand, but she thought she saw that Mr. Dombey's color changed, that the expression of his face quite altered, that he turned less readily, as if to gainsay what he had said, or she had said, or both, and was only detained by very shame.

And she was right. The last time he had seen his slighted child, there had been that in the and attentive between him and Polly which was at once a revelation and a reproach to him. Let him be absorbed as he would in the loss on which he had begun to count, and forget that closing scene. He could not forget that he had no part in it. That at the bottom of (in these depths of tenderness and truth, by those two figures clasped in each other's arms, while he stood on the outside, as a mere spectator—a mere spectator—and a sharer with them—quite shut out.

Unable to exclude these things from his remembrance, or to keep his mind free from such gauge best shapes of the meaning with which they were fraught, as were able to make themselves visible to him through the mist of his pride, his previous feeling of indifference towards little Florence changed into an unpleasant or an extraordinary kind. He almost left as if she had wounded and distrusted him. As if she held the else to something secret in his breast, of the nature of which he was hardly informed himself As if she had an innate knowledge of one jarring and discordant string within him, and her very touch could sound it.

His feeling about the child had been negative from her birth. He had never concerned an avenue to her, if he had been worth his while or in his temper. She had never been a positively disagreeable object to him. But now he was ill at ease about her. She troubled him in part. He would have preferred to put her also aside altogether, if he could have done it. Instead of which, she forces on such sequence—he was afraid that he might come to hate her.

When Miss Florence timidly presented herself, Mr. Dombey stopped in his pacing up and down, and looked towards her. Had he looked with displeasure on her father's return, he might have said in her keen glance the impulses and fears that make her waver; the passionate desire to run to him, and the feeling to be arrested a moment by his embrace. "Oh, father, try to love me! there's no one else!" the dread of a repulse, the fear of being too bold, and of offending him; the pitiable need in which she stood of some assurance and encouragement, and how to make a struggle to have.

Mr. Dombey had it meant nothing of the kind. He had not heard or regarding her as it were by stealth, with a disturbed and doubtful look. "Go to Richards" he said.

His little daughter hesitated for another instant as though she would have clung about him still, or said some fervent prayer that he would take her in his arms and love her. She looked up in his face once more. He thought how like her expression was to her mother's, and he felt as if the child looked round at the footer—that night—and instinctively dropped her hand and turned away.

It was not difficult to perceive that Florence was at a great disadvantage in her father's presence. It was not only a constraint upon her little heart, but even upon the natural grace and freedom of her actions. Still, Polly persevered with all the better heart for warning and helping of Mr. Dombey by herself, had great confidence in the mute appeal of poor little Florence's unmoving dress. "It's hard indeed," thought Polly, "to be taken to only little motherless child when he has another, and that a girl, before his eyes."

So, Polly kept her sister his eyes, as long as she could, and managed so well with little Paul, as to make it very plain that he was all the fonder for his sister's company. When it was time to withdraw up stairs again, she would have sent Florence with the other room to say good-night to her father but the child was timid, and drew back; and, when she urged her again said, repeating her hands before her eyes, as if she could not bear to look at her little as the child, what to say or do.

Mr. Dombey took his eyes, as long as she could, and managed so well with little Paul, as to make it very plain that he was all the fonder for his sister's company. When it was time to withdraw up stairs again, she would have sent Florence with the other room to say good-night to her father but the child was timid, and drew back; and, when she urged her again said, repeating her hands before her eyes, as if she could not bear to look at her little as the child, what to say or do.

Mr. Dombey took it inwardly in his own, and stood looking down upon her for a moment as if he knew as little as the child, what to say or do.

"Florence!" he said at last, quickly, putting his on the head and regarding her as it were by

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

TERMS.

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TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening's companion throughout the year, now we trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire" is a Christian precept, and unworthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer is worthy of his hire surely the publisher, who gives so much for so little, is the man. We trust the appeals to the conscience and purse of our subscribers will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she owes in the premises.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears to this paper:

Of A. W. Martin, formerly of North Tunisfield, Bennett county, Pa.

Of Andrew Wyker, formerly of New Holland, Lancaster county, Pa.

Of A. A. Aldrich, formerly of Lockport, Illinois.

Of W. Willoughby, formerly of Sheridan, Chautauque county, N. Y.

Of Jacob Cole, formerly of Milwood, Virginia.

Of Gen. Cullen, formerly of Little Plymouth, Va.

Of Benj. Harris, formerly of Bellemeade, Penn Co.

Of Joshua Heaps, formerly of Newtown Square, Delaware county, Pa.

Of Saml Elder, formerly of Addison, Pa.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE PEN. There are good thoughts in the production, but as a whole, it is unsuitable for our columns.

CHARADE. We are much indebted to W. H. McC. for his two excellent Charades

ANTHEM by E. B is respectfully declined.

THE ENIGMA, by G. W. and W. D. F., shall appear in due season.

ACTEON. Our friend has considerably improved in poetry, and we will gratify it at an early day. We might advise him, we cold recommend him to beware of a "fatal facility" of composition. Verses strong together will come as very apt to be poor.

MARY HOWETT. We shall endeavor to find room for W. H. C's anxious article.

I. H. B. We are deeply indebted to our friend I. Indianapolis, for her encouraging words. She will I pressed to see that our labors have not been entirely without effect.

TO OUR READERS.

Having evidenced the external appearance of Post during the last six months, we hope to the general satisfaction of its readers, we now to others our remarks, for our name to the "mast head." And in doing so, we would embrace the opportunity to say, that our best attention shall be devoted to maintaining for the Post the character it has for a long time supported, of being, to the very least, one of the best family newspapers in the land.

BEWARE OF THE IMPOSTOR

We re publish the following notice, taken from the Post or October 1st, inasmuch as we notice in the said Franklin Y. Jennings is now carrying on hoc-pocketsonery upon the community at Louisville Kentucky. He is represented to be a man of medium five feet two inches, has blue eyes, brown hair, and is very easy and insinuating in his manners.

NOTICE.

We have received information through a correspondent of Godey, publisher of the Lady's Book, that a person calling himself Franklin Y. Jennings, has been receiving money as an agent of the Post, and also of the Lady's Book, at Gallipolis, Ohio. We have no agent of that name, and the probability is that he is a scoundrel. Mr. C. W. Lakes is our agent for Ohio and he has no acquaintance by the name of R. Y. Jennings, who we believe, is employed at Michigan. Our friends through the country would do well, when called upon by those who represent themselves as agents of different periodicals, to demand a sight of their credentials. The name of our agents may always be found on the third page of the paper.

VEXATIOUS.

An error was committed in setting up our new Prospectus in last week's paper, which we did not see before a hundred or two copies had been struck off. To those of our subscribers who received those papers, we would say, that our terms for clubs remain the same as ever.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

We have this week the pleasure of announcing to our numerous readers, and to our editorial brethren in the country, we have now leased and taken with us in our efforts to suppress the corrupt literature of the day, that Harper & Brothers have given up the publication of any "Monthly Magazine," of any kind, or under any name.

The determination of these gentlemen to be no longer responsible for the dissemination of such a vile and disgusting work, and to which determination we are bound to believe they have been impelled not so much by the increasing force of public sentiment, as by the honest, conscientious remonstrances of their own minds, is worthy of all praise. And it is with unmingled pleasure that we record in this case, the triumph of morality and virtue over the sordid and mercenary motives in so many minds, getting.

The blow that has now been struck at universal depravity, is destined to be followed up of upper-most season, to insure the banishment of demoralizing works from the counters of all respectable publishers and booksellers. Public sentiment when aroused, alone and unaided is sufficient for this. But there are a many more class of publishers, who laugh and mock at public sentiment, because they have no character to lose. Low alone is competent to reach their hardened souls, but we can confidently succeed in such cases in enlisting its compulsory services through the issue of such numbers as each numbers, their circulation is limited to a very narrow channel. And it is the duty of the press to see that the stream of vice and impurity is not permitted to overflow its customary bounds. Remorse when a respectable publisher to let regret himself so to issue an impure publication, let his silence not be passed over in silence, or with only private condemnation, but let the censure be open and the disapprobation public. In this manner will the press enforce itself in the hearts of the people as the zealous advocate of virtue and right, and do more to insure the continued stability and glory of the country, than by long columns of extravagant Fourth of July glorification, or numerous party strictures upon particular men and measures.

COLONIAL BARBARISM.

The Montreal Courier states that in four provincial seasons of all ages are stopped and flogged by a man and in the presence of many."

We read this little piece of information "colonial barbarism" in return for some little of the fun that we Canadian brethren poke whenever they have an opportunity, of the "Model Republic."

FASHIONABLE MUSIC.

Mr. Burke's grand concert at the Museum, on Thursday evening, November 5th, was attended by an overflowing concourse. In addition to the attraction of Mr. Burke's playing, the audience was delighted by the entrancing vocal performance of Mad. De Meyer, the celebrated pianist, while Mrs. Watson and Mr. Worrell's Glee Party gave a pleasant variety to the entertainment.

The Boston Ad. Gazetteer says all the rich people of Mayfair are in ecstasies over the last new example of Santa Anna—contributing liberally to the support of the warcraft of Spain, that would go where they knew the money was, and failed if in the battle-field, when they were needed. They want still to be considered, however, that while there is a good deal of humbug about De Meyer, that he himself is at core a gentleman and artist of the most honorable and wonderful command over his instrument.

While we are upon this subject, however, we shall take the liberty of making a few remarks upon the subject of music in general, and fashionable music in particular. And in the first place, we would inform our readers that our knowledge of music as an art, both practical and theoretical, is very limited. We are conscious, that this fact of admission will lead many to infer that we have no right to criticise where we have not a full and experimental knowledge of the subject; but we think differently. We believe that a candid, critical opinion, coming from our point of view, (or, rather of hearing), is quite as valuable as a connoisseur's, or any one who has studied the rudiments of music.

Now, we may tell such enquirers at once, before commencing any further, that fashionable music, under most of its varieties, is not to our taste; but it is impossible it should ever affect much popularity, who has attained the age of forty. Even in the cities, where the concert rooms are filled with the most devoted lovers of music that can be called out at large pecuniary sacrifices, in spite of all those who are in the practice of regularly attending concerts, do not greatly enjoy them. They go because it is fashionable, because it is expensive, because those who have the reputation of being connoisseur say it is fine, and not because they appreciate or understand. The reason of this is very evident—fashionable music, even the music of such artists as Ole Bull, Jenny Lind, and Mad. De Meyer is nearly wholly intellectual. It is not addressed to the heart—there is but little heart in it—it is almost entirely a triumph of skill or intellect. We have said above, that the intellect—we would correct the expression, by saying of intellect and soul—for we have never been so struck with the difference between the ideas which properly attach to the expressions soul and heart, words which are often used synonymously, as in listening to some of the great masters. But so far as we have heard, there is an almost total deficiency of heart in fashionable music.

As a necessary consequence of this, those in whose ears which are the expression of the heart of a people, of its love for home, for native land and to which the affections are embalmed and handed down from generation to generation, in spite of all its daily cares and privations of life, forever pure and spotless, are proscribed and banished. While fashionable entertainments are crowded, the old ballad concert and nonsenses ennobled by the touches of the soul, only attract a few, and the power of the "star" over his instrument, and called "great" because they are, to a great degree, cold and heartless, and the favorites of almost entirely intellectual people. It occasionally Burke or De Meyer, in the course of an elaborate composition, glides into a favorite air or "Hail Columbia," "Home Sweet Home," &c., it is voted "claptrap" by the connoisseurs present, and the artists themselves laugh off the temporary triumph they have had over the hearts of very soulless as only humbug and claptrap.

Now it is as natural to an ear that the heart be enlisted part or man, that music which does not appeal to the heart, fails to fulfil its great mission with it is, the source of its existence, the delight and strengthen the affections to the end, and to give dignity and nobleness to the character of our nature, which have a very downward tendency ever to the impure and carnal. And inasmuch as such music as we have been treating of fails to accomplish these results, we have a downward tendency ever to the impure and carnal. And inasmuch as such music as we have been treating of fails to accomplish these results, we have treated it as one of the evils of the day.

In strong contradistinction to the fashionable music we have spoken of, stands the music of the past. And which is real pleasure to hear, and which we might almost say, in every domestic circle and by every happy fireside in our land. We know that this is positively what it should be, that every music is a manifestation of both intellect and heart, but if we must have it imperfect, we infinitely prefer that in which heart is most apparent to that where intellect and skill mainly are manifested in the former case the composer and performer seem to be heart, joined to a very fair proportion of intellect and skill, that we have ever heard, are more decidedly the first class artists, than the performers who are considered by the fashionable world most competent to judge—but we appeal to the majority even of that fashionable world itself—better our ears are not those of the fools of the old adage, who, in it, because their singing is from the heart, that their influence over a common audience is an wonderful. Therefore is it that while those who stand high in the musical world as critics and performers scoff and sneer, the common people hear them gladly. Therefore is it that while those who have secret holding of Abby Hutchinson, such as the musicians and critics of Boston, have to send for her voice from their crystal fountains far down in the human soul though they bawled themselves hoarse in the effort. Therefore is it that her laugh was the "head of brothers from the old granite State," and rejoice or are sad as they rejoice or are sad—because their hearts speak to the heart and we feel that we have one common Father, and all we are brethren. Listening to them, we begin to understand how it was that David's harp charmed the stubborn heart of Saul, and that come properly to manage the performance of music of any kind, and in the great work of the regeneration of man.

But we must close. What we have written will doubtless require the attention of many readers who are considered by the fashionable world most competent to judge—but we appeal to the majority even of that fashionable world itself—better our ears are not those of the fools of the old adage, who, in their singing, they discovered that they had no heart—better our ears be deaf—better we close ourselves upon the testimony of our own hearts, and our own honest, candid convictions, and not be led away by the opinions of cliques and so called fashionable critics, however competent we feel to judge they may think themselves, in their own self-conceit.

POWDERED WHITE SUGAR.

The Boston Transcript says "that a large portion of the powdered white sugar in the market is a large admixture of common sugar, and that two or three ounces in every pound. The most of the adulteration is done by the refiners, and by grinders, being powdered very fine, is swallowed before it has time to settle to the bottom of the cup, and so it will escape detection. The best way to betray the fraud upon a close examination. The marble is similar to that used by the soda fountain people in the manufacture of gas. Powdered lead is even more rascally than the trickery practiced on the preparation of confectioners' sweets, that cannot operate seriously on any but those who are children, but this is highly injurious to the most temperate, powdered sugar has a tendency to cake in the tea-table. It is to be presumed, that these particulars at once, notwithstanding their minuteness, interest the action of the sugar, and in presence of fortune, remove the most excruciating perplexity of fortune. We have already enough of these evils to contend with, in the presence of lime, and other indigestible substances in our well water. Intimate are nearly at a standstill, powdered sugar are concerned on the restoration and health.

We never heard of this clerical before. It is most unfortunate for those who are engaged in the manufacture of articles in daily consumption, runs a very fair chance of going to a place where he need not be in the habit of making a fuss to boil his tea —that is our private opinion.

WASHING PAVEMENTS

They do not allow housekeepers in New York to wash their pavements at all hours of the day, as they do in this excessively cleanly city of brotherly love and sisterly sprinkles. Some the Croton water was introduced, the regulations of that city limit the hours to hours 7 o'clock, A. M., and after 5 o'clock, P. M.

We trust that our "city fathers" will follow this example, and protect the garments and feet of their unwearing sons and daughters.

FROM MEXICO.

Intelligence has been received from Vera Cruz up to October 1st.

A letter from the city of Mexico, dated 28th of September, says that Santa Anna had left that city, with two thousand cavalry and one thousand infantry, with the intention of marching direct to the Mexican forces. Instructions have been forwarded to the army of the North to fall back upon San Luis Potosi.

The Diario del Gobierno says all the rich people of Mexico are with Santa Anna, and the example of Santa Anna—contributing liberally to the support of the warcraft of Spain, that would go where they knew the money was, and failed if in the battle-field when they were needed. They want still to be considered, however, that while there is a good deal of humbug about De Meyer, that he himself is at core a gentleman and artist of the most honorable and wonderful command over his instrument.

The Republicans of the 1st of October says:

"The disagreeable intelligence which arrived yesterday from the northern frontier, and which we copy, in confirmation of the fact that Gobierno, is, perhaps, the prelude of still more disastrous news which will fall on the people of Mexicans to the rest. No effect can be too great, when the object is to detend our lives, our honor and our independence. No one who feels the sacred fire of liberty burning in his breast, can see the utmost indignation against this treacherous enemy. who has attempted to filch from us our territory: a barbarous undertaking which he can not accomplish, as he has always done in the case of Mexico lives.

It is asserted that the terms of capitulation agreed upon by General Arguelis, stipulated for the withdrawal of the Mexican troops, with all their supplies and equipment, for the purpose of making good our Rubicon, and they were also enforced to this necessary after four days of the severest fighting.

We have already lament that in this matter no attention was paid to the advice of General Santa Anna, who became of the Mexican army not advise to withdraw from Monterey, a place which could not be defended, and which was the cause of its being commanded by heights. We could see that our troops were full of ardor, and ready said the war must be carried on against the Americans on the Spaniards in the most earnest against the French, by the system of guerillas, capable of destroying the invading forces in the isolated army. The establishment of the national guard should be devoted to the great object of the system. In any other way the republic is lost. The artillery of the North, in charge of the most expert corps in the world, and we must counteract that power of all element by a system of flying movements of which history, experience, or reason has taught us the efficacy. Send these invoices be lost upon the Rio Grande, and even in the extremest of extent of arresting death!"

MR. BURKE'S CONCERT.

The following is an extract or a letter from a lady of this city to a friend in Wilmington, Delaware. It is so fresh and piquant that we cannot forbear publishing it. It is but justice to the writer, to state, that she did not know when writing it, that it would ever meet the public eye. We think, for our own part, that she has been too severe and personal in her remarks upon Mrs. Watson—who we thought, sang the May Queen very tolerably, though we must confess she did not quite realize on her appearance our conception of the heroine of Tennyson's sweet poem.

We were at a regular fashionable concert the other evening, given by the musical prodigy, Mad. De Burke, at the Museum. She is her name, American Ole Bull, they style him now. If the Ole Bull is a genius, I am glad that he is dead—he is to be noticed part or man, that music which does not appeal to the heart, fails to fulfil its great mission with it is, the source of its existence, the delight and strengthen the affections to the end, and to give dignity and nobleness to the character of our nature, which have a very downward tendency ever to the impure and carnal. And inasmuch as such music as we have been treating of fails to accomplish these results, we have treated it as one of the evils of the day.

In strong contradistinction to the fashionable music we have spoken of, stands the music of the past. And which is real pleasure to hear, and which we might almost say, in every domestic circle and by every happy fireside in our land. We know that this is positively what it should be, that every music is a manifestation of both intellect and heart, but if we must have it imperfect, we infinitely prefer that in which heart is most apparent to that where intellect and skill mainly are manifested in the former case the composer and performer seem to be heart, joined to a very fair proportion of intellect and skill, that we have ever heard, are more decidedly the first class artists, than the performers who are considered by the fashionable world most competent to judge—but we appeal to the majority even of that fashionable world itself—better our ears are not those of the fools of the old adage, who, in their singing, they discovered that they had no heart—better our ears be deaf—better we close ourselves upon the testimony of our own hearts, and our own honest, candid convictions, and not be led away by the opinions of cliques and so called fashionable critics, however competent we feel to judge they may think themselves, in their own self-conceit.

THE COMING AGE.

Of all the ages that have flown since the lordly dawn of time

None seems to me so truly great, so sublime and sublime,

As that within whose twilight paath the young soul now and then

And gaze like Moses from the Mount, on a fair and bonny land,

Those "forty years" of doubt and strife our sires have wandered on.

Have led them from the choice of God, to the rightful seat of the throne.

Still longing ever for the old, its "flesh-pots" and its onions,

Like Israel at Kadesh, laid the desert plains of Zin.

But now a better day, thank God! is breaking on the earth,

Now times are coming with the men who with the love and truth,

Old hearts with olden love in vain receive the Heavens' new wine,

The young ideas may enter in the promised Palestine.

That coming age of peace and truth, of royal rights and laws,

The "golden age" of Greece and Rome, our fathers' boast and cause,

Which ever on the heart of man has shed a starry ray,

Like that which guided to the spot where the infant Saviour lay:—

That promised age at length has dawned—the true heart its golden light throws like heaven the topmost mountain peak

And even in the valleys deep, where vapors still lie curled,

Not rainbow hues are gilding now like shapes from a fairer world.

But though the Morn of Hope be thus now breaking on the earth,

Let us forget not it may fade and leaves once more the dearth,

Only the valor which hath won that first effulgent ray,

May win a further progress still to the full and perfect day.

Then grasp not weary in thy work, young soldier, who hast fought the fight

Thy bright glance to the Future turn the darkness of the Past to cast,

Cease not thy stern, conquering war with all the false and the wrong,

And as the triumph grows more sure, let thy heart grow more strong.

And listen not with a smile to those who weakly fall Before the dead ghost of the Past, and on its prostrate form fall.

The old time had its stars, they know'st—what night is there has none?

But prove thou seest and rejoice—the Future hath its sun!

COTTON GUNPOWDER.

Professor Otto, of Brunswick, has published the latest secret, and, as he considers it, the best, by which, it appears, is gaining much credit among scientific men in Europe, and is likely to entirely supersede common powder.

The Washington Union says that Mr. Robertson, the Consul at Bremen, has given to the Secretary brought a sealed packet from Professor Schonbein, with an admonition that it was to be opened only in the presence of the President of the United States. It contained some specimens of the gun or prepared cotton, with hints about the mode of preparing it. It is estimated that 20,000 bales of cotton will be wanted to supply the demand for this purpose.

The London correspondent of the New York Enquirer gives some facts respecting this discovery:

"The discovery is claimed by several scientific men abroad, though it was introduced to the British community by Professor Schonbein, who calls it Gun Cotton. This is a substitute for common gunpowder which is composed of 75 parts of saltpetre, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur, the sulphur gives color and flow to the charcoal, which generates heat sufficient to fuse the nitre (or saltpetre) into one heavy fluxuated liquor or ores bulk, thus exerting a propulsive explosive force. The only use of the sulphur is to convey the flame through the mass; the gas, or explosive force, coming entirely from the heated nitre. Gunpowder is therefore no more than wood in an excessively minute abroad state, and dipping this substance into nitrous acid and drying it, we get the explosive force, without any frequent immersion in water, the acid is with, and the wood fibre remains, which was originally united with nitre. This, then, is genuine gunpowder and it is considered to be a more elastic and regular that the flame, more applied, passes immediately through these, and not, as with common powder, which is the great desideratum in common powder, as we are led to believe, to get the greatest result from the same size, the sulphur being mingled merely to convey the flame through the powder's weight

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Beaver.*

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JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September*, 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 18, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

General News.

☞ We copy from the St. Louis Republican of the 29th ult., the following account of the robbery of the St. Louis Mail, of which we have heretofore had a notice:

EXTENSIVE MAIL ROBBERY.—It has been known in St. Louis for some days that an extensive robbery had been committed, but it was deemed expedient to keep the matter quiet for a time. Such necessity no longer exists, and we may, therefore, state, that the mail robbed was made up here on the 1st of this month, (October) for all the eastern cities. It has been ascertained that all the mail for New York never reached its destination, and it is supposed that this was the fate of the others. The extent of the robbery is not known, but we understand that L. A. Benoist & Co. mailed on that day, to New York, from $1,300 to $1,400, in bank notes, and $5,000 in drafts; J. J. Anderson & Co., $800 to Pittsburg and $300 to New York, all in bank notes; Presbury & Co., $600 in bank notes to New York; and other brokers, it is believed, also made remittances. The presumption is, that the robbery was committed this side of Wheeling, for had the mail reached there, the Pittsburg letters would have gone safe to their destination. No information has yet, so far as we can learn, been obtained by which to trace the robbery to any particular point.

ANTHRACITE COAL.—This invaluable mineral, of which Pennsylvania contains inexhaustible mines, is found in the eastern counties of the State, in three basins or fields. The aggregate area of the three basins is nearly one thousand square miles. The first discovery of anthracite coal, on the Lehigh, in Carbon county, was made by Philip Gintter, in 1791. He found it adhering to the roots of a tree that was blown over by the wind. In 1792 it was taken to Philadelphia from the Lehigh, and tried under the boiler of the engine at Centre Square, but the mode of using it not being known, *it put the fire out*. The remainder was used in place of gravel on the walk of the Square. In 1820, the Philadelphia market was overstocked by a supply of 365 tons, sold at $8 40 per ton. But mark the progress of improvement which intelligence and experience never fail to produce. In 1845, the quantity transported from the three basins, and distributed throughout a wide range of the community, was 2,012,742 tons, which placed in the hands of consumers at $5 per ton, must draw from them $10,063,710.

CALIFORNIA AFFAIRS.—A correspondent of the Herald, writing from Washington, says, Lieut. Watson, of the Navy, has left that city for New York for the purpose of chartering a vessel for Chagres, and goes to the Pacific as bearer of despatches. Orders have gone out to seize upon the whole of Lower California, in order to enable us to secure the commerce of the Gulf, which is of much importance, as well as some fine ports for whalers to resort to.

Colonel Mason goes out in company with Lieut. Watson, it is supposed to supercede Col. Stevenson in the command of the California regiment. Mr. Parrott proceeds to the Gulf of Mexico or to Havana—he has recently filed in the Department of State, a most valid claim against the Mexican Government for the seizure and detention in 1845, of property of much value.

COUNTERFEITS.—A new counterfeit ten dollar note on the Mechanics' Bank, at Newark, N. J., has made its appearance in this city. The one before us is dated March 4, 1846, letter B, No. 880, and has for a vignette a blacksmith in a sitting posture, with the figure of a dog below. On the left end two X's, and the figure of a man between them. On the right the word "TEN." The easiest mode of detecting its spurious character is in the imprint across the right end, it being printed "Topham, Carpenter & Co.," instead of Toppan, Carpenter & Co.

Counterfeit ten dollar bills of the Concord Bank, N. H., are in circulation in Boston.

Counterfeits on the Atlantic Bank, Boston, of the denomination of ones, are extensively circulated in that city.—*Public Ledger.*

LIABILITY OF RAILROADS.—The Boston and Providence Railroad Company transported a quantity of leather to one of their depots, where it had been ordered to be left by the owner. There a part of it was delivered to the owner, and the rest left for another day, and in the meantime lost. Upon a suit to recover the value of the lost goods, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts decided that the absolute responsibility of the Railroad Company ceased when the goods had been delivered at the depot, and the owner notified. After that, the responsibility was that of common agents, requiring due diligence only. The Court seemed to feel that the case was a new one. The Court below had decided that the absolute liability could only cease when the goods were taken away by the owner.

MILLERISM OUTDONE.—A new sect of fanatics has appeared in Cincinnati. There are about sixty of them, more than half the number being females, and they are followers, says the Commercial of that city, of a big burly, half Indian, half Negro, formerly a Mormon, who has proclaimed himself Jesus Christ! He showed his disciples, one day last week, the scars of wounds in his hands and limbs, received on the cross! He does miracles with a golden rod, and professes that he was the cause of the destruction of Natchez by a whirlwind. He has already organized several apartments to his kingdom; a new Peter, Paul, &c. The members of this new religion are solemnly enjoined to secrecy and hold meetings nightly.

NATIVE COPPER.—We noticed, says the Detroit Press, on the dock at the foot of Bates street, a mass of copper weighing about three thousand pounds. It was found by the Baltimore Company in one of their mines on Ontonagan river, and is the finest specimen we have yet seen. There are indications of silver in the mass, and the remainder seems to be almost pure copper.

GROWTH OF SARSAPARILLA IN BUENOS AYRES.—On the banks of the river Parana, says a recent traveller, the quantity of sarsaparilla growing is so immense, that the waters, even below the Basada, ...

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The barque Orb sailed from Salem on the 12th of November, last year, for Zanzibar. The ship Malabar sailed from Boston, on the same day, for Calcutta. On Saturday last, each returned to the port from which she departed, having sailed about 20,000 miles each, in different directions. They met and spoke each other off Bermuda, on their return.

STEAMBOATS.—It is stated that one hundred and eight steamboats have been built at various points on the Ohio River this season, the aggregate tonnage of which is 31,600 tons, and the cost $1,400,000. The total number of steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi is stated to be seven hundred and fifty, the tonnage of which is 160,000 tons, and the cost $12,000,000.

WAKING UP.—Gov. Ford, of Illinois, heads the expedition in person against the mob in Nauvoo, and is advancing upon the place with over one hundred men. He has with him two brass six pounders, manned with skilful artillerists, and from his movements, appears to think that the reputation of the State is endangered by the existing state of affairs in Hancock.

Items of News.

DIDN'T TAKE A NEWSPAPER.—In a trial at Detroit for murder, last week, about fifty jurors were summoned before a panel could be obtained for the trial. Some few had conscientious scruples, many had expressed opinions on the subject, and one, on being challenged, said he did not *know* whether he had "formed an opinion or not, but that he did not *take any newspaper*." He was excused immediately.

MIKE WALSH.—The New York Courier of Saturday says—"Mike Walsh, who was elected a member of the Legislature by about eight hundred majority, lies, as we are sorry to learn, very dangerously ill from hemorrage of the lungs. Last evening it was thought barely possible that he could recover."

LAND SALE.—A great sale of coal and timber lands in Schuylkill, Dauphin and Clearfield counties, we observe, is to take place on the 26th and 27th of November instant, at Pottsville, Pa., it being the estate of the late Christian Ley, deceased, and composing altogether nearly twenty thousand acres.

MOB RULE.—The Chicago Journal says than on the 28th ult., two colored persons claimed as slaves, whilst undergoing an examination before Justice Kercheval, were forcibly taken from the Court by a mob, and hurried out of its jurisdiction.

A SECOND SARAH.—A woman, *seventy years of age*, residing in Kushkeneng, Wisconsin Territory, lately presented her husband with three children, two boys and a girl. They had had no children for twenty years previous.

☞ Mrs. Child calls the slave boy, George Kirk, "The living gospel of Freedom, bound in black." She should have added that he was also hot pressed.—*Ledger.*

☞ In Delaware county, New York, last week, the Mountains were covered with snow, the Thermometer down to 20, and ice half an inch thick on the ponds.

☞ The Washington Union says—"We were yesterday presented with a bunch of cherries, second crop, half ripe, which grew in Washington."

THANKSGIVING.—Indiana holds Thanksgiving on the 26th. The Governor of Alabama has announced a Fast Day for Dec. 5th.

BUTTER—BUTTER.—Upwards of $150,000 worth of it arrived at Boston in one day last week for New York!

☞ Thirty-six vessels left the harbor of Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday week for Buffalo, laden with produce.

☞ Mr. Hudson is again lecturing at Boston, on Shakspeare, his character, his genius and his works.

☞ A large number of European speculators came out in the Britannia, to buy Wheat.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—This dreadful malady, like all others is caused by impurity of the blood, and can be cured by that medicine only which will cleanse and purify the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Inflammatory Rheumatism, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause not only of Rheumatism and Gout, but of every ache or pain we suffer. In order to make a speedy and radical cure of Inflammatory Rheumatism from four to eight of said *Indian Vegetable Pills* should be taken every twelve hours, until every particle of inflammation and pain is removed. This course, if properly followed up, will, in a short time, make a perfect cure of the most violent attack of Rheumatism; at the same time the blood and other fluids will be so completely purified, that new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 13.

REMARKS—The weather has been rainy and disagreeable, and retarded out of door operations. The desire to obtain later advices from Europe, also retarded business up to Saturday evening, and the advanced prices since asked for bread stuffs have circumscribed the transactions. Supplies of flour, wheat and corn from this country will be required in England, France and Belgium, and if prices are kept down, large shipments thence may be expected, as the crops are short, and the partial failure of the potato crop has caused an immense demand for flour and meal as a substitute for this important article of consumption.

FLOUR & MEAL—From Wednesday until Saturday evening the export demand for flour was restricted by the desire of both buyers and sellers to obtain later advices from Europe before operating. Sales of 4000 bbls common and good fair brands at $5.31¼a5,7½, chiefly at the latter price, and 600 bbls, a good brand at $5,44, and extra at $5.75; 1700 bbls condemned and sour at $4,25a4,50. On Saturday evening, after the receipt of the foreign news, a speculative demand sprung up at the Exchange and 2000 bbls were sold at $5.75. On Monday the market was at a stand, holders asked $5 75 for shipping brands, which buyers declined paying. On Tuesday sales of 1100 bbls at $5,62½ for good brands; 1000 bbls fair at $5,50, and 1000 bbls at a price not public.—We quote $5.50a5.62½ for common and good brands, with large receipts. For city use sales at $5,62½a5,75, and extra $5.75a6. Rye Flour—Small sales at $4 per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of 2000 bbls prior to the arrival of the foreign news at $3,62a3,62½; Tuesday 400 bbls at $3,87½.

GRAIN—Wheat continues to arrive freely, and the export demand has been somewhat checked by the scarcity of vessels for Europe and the high rates of freight. Sales up to Saturday evening at $1,08a1,10 per bushel for fair and good red, and $1,15 to 1,19 for good and prime white. On Saturday evening sales of prime red at $1,15a1,22, and white at $1,25. On Monday the market was quiet. A sale of 3000 bushels prime red at $1,15. On Tuesday sales of 7500 bushels good and prime white at $1,23a1,20, part to arrive and part in store.—Prime red was held at $1,15, and $1,10 offered. The week's sales amount to 53,000 bushels. Rye—A sale at 78c. Corn—Sales of Pa. round yellow at 68a67, and flat at 67a66c; southern flat at 65a64, and white at 67c, up to Saturday. Holders since ask higher prices. Sales of 2000 bushels good Pa. round yellow at 70c. A sale of southern at a price not public; yellow flat may be quoted at 65a67, and Pa. round 67a69 or 70c. Oats—Sales of 7000 bushels southern at 35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market is inactive for pork and bacon. Mess pork is held at $10 and prime at $9, with limited sales. Near 100 bbls prime, to close a lot, was sold at $8.50 per bbl. Bacon—Hams range from 6 to 7½, and bagged 8a8½c; sides, market bare; shoulders 3¾a4¼c. Lard—Sales of 1100 kegs at 7½a7¾c, cash and time. Butter—Sales at 8½a9 in kegs, and in firkins at 9 a10c per lb; Goshen and Glades at 14a15c. Cheese—Sales at 7½a8c per lb.

AMERICAN COTTON & WOOLLEN GOODS—The fall trade is now nearly over, and the stocks on hand are quite light for the season. Prices are firm, owing to the reduced quantity of goods manufactured, and heavy sheetings continue unusually scarce and prices have advanced.

ASHES—No sales of pot ashes. We quote 4c.

BARK—Market bare of quercitron bark, and it is taken on arrival at $27a28 per ton for 1st quality.

BEESWAX—Holders ask 28c per lb for yellow, with small sales.

CANDLES—Sales of 150 boxes sperm for export at 25c per lb, cash and time. In tallow candles no change.

COAL—The demand for coal continues active, and the season for shipment is fast drawing to a close. Prices are steady. Lehigh broken at $4,25; Schuylkill red ash at $4,25; white at $4, and lump $3,87½ per ton, cash.—Alleghany Bituminous would command 18c per bushel if here.

COFFEE—Prices have not varied, and the demand continues moderate. Sales of 1200 bags Rio at 7¼a7¾c; 400 bags Laguayra at 7¼a7½ cts, and 1800 bags on terms not made public—all on time. Arrived 4050 bags.

COPPER—Sheathing copper is steady at 22½c per lb.

COTTON—Prices have not varied since the receipt of the late foreign news, but holders are firm and the stock is much reduced. Sales of 525 bales at from 8½ to 11½c per lb for Upland, and 9 to 11½ for New Orleans cotton ordinary to fair quality, cash and time.

HIDES—Market quite inactive and no sales reported. Arrived 6800 Angostura hides.

HOPS—Sales of eastern hops at 12a13c per lb.

IRON—Prices are very firm, but the stocks are too light to admit of any large transactions. Sales of 400 tons pig at $30a32 per ton for foundry and $22a25 for No. 2 and 3 Anthracite, all 6 months, and a lot of good blooms at $56 each; No 1 boiler plates in lots at 5c per lb.

LEAD—A sale of 9100 pigs Missouri lead, to arrive, at 4¼c per lb, 6 mos. 1200 pigs at 4¼c cash. Holders now ask 4½c cash.

LUMBER—Prices are steady. Sales of white pine boards at $13a15, and yellow pine at $13a14,50 per M feet.

MOLASSES—Prices are firmer. Sales of 260 hhds Trinidad, Cuba and Havana on terms not public, and some Cuba Muscovado at 26c, 6 mos.

NAVAL STORES—A sale of 660 bbls No. 2 rosin at 75c per bbl. Tar is scarce and held at $2,25a2,37½. Sales of spirits of turpentine at 53a55c cash, now held at 60 cts.

RICE—Is wanted and the market is entirely bare.

SALT—Sales of two cargoes Turks Island salt at about 32a33c per bushel.

SEEDS—There is more enquiry for prime cloverseed, which is scarce. Sales of 250 bushels at $1 87½a4 for good and prime free. Flaxseed—Sales of 1000 bushels at $1,31a1,33. Timothy seed is dull and out of season; 50 bushels fair quality sold at $2.

SPICES—Sales of 150 bags pepper in lots at 11c per pound.

SPIRITS—Brandy and gin sell slowly at steady prices. N. E. rum is scarce and worth 29c. Whiskey—Sales of 6a700 bbls at 24c; sales in hhds at 23½c.

SUGAR—The market continues inactive, and the sales are only in small parcels; 140 boxes Havana sold at 7½a8c for brown and yellow; 50 bags white Brazil at 8c, all on time.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered at 7¾a8c per lb.

TEAS—Prices have not varied for a month past.

TOBACCO—The sales of leaf tobacco have been limited to 35a40 hhds Kentucky, to the trade at 2½a8 cts per lb.

WINE—Small sales of dry Malaga at 45c.

WOOL—Prices are firm and the stock is generally light for the season. Sales of 75,000 lbs domestic wool in lots, at 21a27½c for common, 23a25 for ¼ and ½ blood, 27a29 for full blood, and 30a32c for prime Saxony, cash and time; 50 bales Smyrna sold at 11½c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—Vessels are scarce and much wanted to load for England and France, and the high rates of freight prevent purchasers of bread stuffs from being made. We quote to Liverpool—Flour 4s a4s 3d per bbl; grain 1s per bushel; lard and tallow 45s per ton.

COAL FREIGHTS—Vessels are scarce and the rates have advanced. We quote to Boston $1,90a1,95; Newburyport $1 87½; Providence and Fall River $1.75a1,80; N. York $1,50a1,55, and to Baltimore 90c per ton.

SALES OF STOCKS.

350 shares	Morris Canal,	7½
100 do.	Lehigh Interest,	47½
100 do.	Norristown Railroad,	7½
70 do.	Harrisburg R. R.	21½
8 do.	Commercial Bank,	50
5 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	163
5 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	33
$600	U. S. 5's, 1851, b5	95
$160	State 5's,	68½
$7600	Sch. Nav. Con 6's, 1865,	78½
$2000	Cincin Bonds, b5	91
$1000	Tenn Bonds,	83
$5000	State 5's, s5,	68½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offerings comprised 1150 head of beef cattle, 200 cows and calves, 600 swine, and 1100 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle are dull at $4,50 a4,75 per 100 lbs; 450 head were driven to New York, and 60 remain unsold. Cows and Calves—Dry cows are dull at $7a10; springers $10a20, and milch cows at $7 a12 each. Swine—Were in good demand, and all taken at $4,75a5 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of sheep at $1,50a3, and lambs at $1a2,75 each, according to quality.

Baltimore, Nov. 6.—Although the weather was very unfavorable, stock went off briskly, at prices somewhat improved. The offerings were 1500 head, of which 950 were taken by packers, and 500 do by city butchers, (the residue, 50 head, left over,) at prices ranging from $1,50 to 2,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3a5 25 nett, or about $2,20 per 100 lbs gross, on the average. Hogs—There is a large supply of live hogs, with a corresponding demand. Sales are making at $4a4,25 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, Nov. 5.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,50; nett $4,50a5,00, according to quality. Mutton—$3.00a4,00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $5a5 25.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. *No. 24 South Third Street.* *Philadelphia, November* 14, 1846.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	27 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	1½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	1½ dis
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	1 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rawway, P'th Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport,	25 dis
White Plains Bk.	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Oswego	2 dis
Oswego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk. and branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bank of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
Country Banks	4a5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	[illegible]
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small Notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State Bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	75 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	70 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

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... JULIA A. WOODFORD."

... are for sale at No. 8 South THIRD ... oct 31 tf

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CANCER.—AN INTERESTING CASE CURED BY Dr. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.—In the Spring of 1831, a Cancerous tumor appeared in the right breast of Mrs Phebe, wife of Peter Stretch, of Salem, N. J. It was examined by many physicians, and was considered by all as cancerous, and bore all the characteristic marks of one. All probable means of removing were used without the slightest benefit. It continued to increase both in size and painfulness, until all hope of saving her life, but by a painful operation, was abandoned, which, after a consultation of eminent physicians, was performed, Jan. 1st, 1834, by Dr. John Rhea Barton, assisted by Dr. Redman, the proprietor, and two other medical gentlemen. The whole and entire right breast was removed, and after examination of the tumor, was pronounced by all present a Cancer of the most malignant character. In about three months, after enduring incredible sufferings, she was enabled, though broken in spirit, to get about again. She remained feeble and her general health was exceedingly bad, as indeed it had been for several years before. In the Spring of 1837, upwards of five years after her breast had been removed, a painful tumor made its appearance on the side, immediately over the part formerly occupied by the nipple of the right breast, previous to its removal. This tumor steadily increased, for several months, and became so painful as to deprive her of rest. The glands under the right arm were enlarged; and Scirrhus, and a hard, irregular, and at times painful tumor, appeared in the left breast. No operation could now arrest the disease. Indeed her whole body appeared to be a mass of disease. Her case was considered hopeless. She was of a very Scrofulous habit, both of her parents having died of ...

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD MAID.

BY MRS. AMELIA D. WELBY.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems nothing in the sun's broad range to find?
And as it hovers, her rays ope in sport
As if to let some lovely thing enshrined
In her dark eye a depth of softness lend.
Deeper than e'er it gathered childhood's tear;
And her cheek commune with the lone but fair.
The rich, dark flush it opened to the core.

It is the loneliest hide-and' with a sigh
Her soul hath turned from Youth's luxuriant heaven,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her lonesome and within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak!
Let her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening bud, Affection's glowing flowers,
I view sprung within upon her bosom rock;
Oh, life was beautiful in those low hours!
And yet she dosed not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
Its pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the Future—but the link
That binds her to the past is Memory!

From her love path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! oneness now
And fresh as flowers, are with her heart-songs knit.
And recently mercied pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly rouse it.

For she has loved with power and well and now
To all her nature the beautiful and fair.
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom cell, and cluster there:
Let live in her what'e'er that it hath more
Her soul has learned to look upon its glass—
And more to shrine in her interest.
Her deeds of love—her flattery on the Cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft eaten deposed in her heart,
But even wanderers on with heavenward brow,
And eyes where lonely life are lifted up.
She feels that in that leveller, happier sphere,
Her human yet will, kind-like, feel its mate,
And all she owns it shall be kindled here
Within that spirit-soul perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er its trembling heart strings theft
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed—
And then she dreams of Love, and strives to fill
Her lonely heart with passionate feelings for young
And fair she wanders on—half sad—half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
Whose treasures she has hidden in her breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH SOME MORE FIRST APPEARANCES AND WARS ON THE STAGE OF THIS LIFE ARE RECORDED.

Though the office of Dombey and Son were within the liberties of the city of London, and within hearing of Bow Bells, where living rooms over it were not discovered by the sprour in the streets, yet were there hints of adventurous and romantic story to be discerned in some of the shapes of Gracechurch and Magpie held their state within ten minutes' walk; the Royal Exchange was close at hand; the Bank of England with its vaults of gold and silver down among the dead men" underground, was their magnificent neighbor. Just round the corner stood the rich East India House, teeming with magnificent of precious stuffs and stones, tigers, elephants, howdahs, umbrellas, palm trees and palanquins, and gorgeous princes of a brown complexion sitting on carpets with their slippers very much turned up at the toes. Anywhere in the immediate vicinity there might be seen portions of a ship speeding away full sail to all parts of the world, suddenly employed outside the back of some nautical instrument makers in taking observations of the hackney coaches.

Sole master and proprietor of one of these offices—of that which might be called, familiarly, the commanding—at that which those staff stood upon the pavement, right leg foremost, with a scrutiny the least endurable, and had the close brokers and flayed wastrels of the last reasonable hour in remark, and here at its right eye the most offensive, lily dingy portentous piece of machinery—sole master and proprietor of that midshipman, and proud of him too, an orderly gentleman in a Welsh wig had paid fourteen years, nine, and four days. Seven years that many a full-grown midshipman of flesh and blood has numbered in his life, and midshipmen who have attained a pretty green old age have not been wanting in the English navy.

The stock in trade of this old gentleman comprised chronometers, barometers, telescopes, compasses, charts, maps, sextants, quadrants, and specimens of every kind of instrument used in the working of a ship's course, or the keeping of a ship's discoveries. Objects in brass and glass were in his cravens and on his shelves, which none but the initiated could have found the top of, or guessed the use of, or having once examined, could have ever got back again into the mahogany tents without assistance. Everything was jammed into the tightest cases fitted into the narrowest corners, lashed up behind the most important contents, and screwed into the neatest angles, to prevent its philosophical composure from being disturbed by the rolling of the sea. Such extraordinary precautions were taken in every instance to save the room, and keep the thing compact, and so much practical navigation was fitted, and reclaimed, and screwed into every box (whether the box was a mere slab, as some were, for mounting between a cot-bed and a star-fish, as others were, and those quite mild and modest boxes as compared with others; that the shop looked like a repository of the genius of ingenuity